

A New Story Next Week. The Avenging Angels. An Indian Tale.

SATURDAY JOURNAL

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No. 54.

GOOD-BY, BUT COME AGAIN!

BY JOS. P. MORAN.

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With every fast succeeding year,
And as they pass who can withhold the fervent cry
"Come again?"

Each brings with it pleasure such as pain,
When once come, can't be gainsaid,
From uttering a heartfelt and a sad "Good-by,"
But come again—sweet seasons, come again!"

And memory, too, plays well its part,
And by its light and magic art,
How many happy scenes that long since had gone by
Do come again!

We see them in our fancy's glass,
So clear that whether or they pass,
It seems but yesterday; so bid them sad "Good-by,"
But come again—in memory come again!"

In visions, too, we often see
Bright shades of air and purity,
And beauteous landscapes pictured to our dreamful
eye.

Often come again:
Sometimes a glimpse of Heaven we get,
Like a diamond in a crown of jet!

And when from sleep awaking, we bid them sad
"Good-by,"
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Oath-Bound:

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CREST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD RESOLVE.

A LONELY country roadside, at the gloaming, is perhaps not the most pleasant place to ride by one's self, particularly if that same lonesome self be a young, pretty girl, as young and pretty as Undine Del Rose, who, with her eyes glowing like twin stars, and her round, dusky cheeks flushing with a rich, scarlet bloom, was dashing along toward the railway station. Her good fortune had exceeded her wildest dreams; that she should compel proud Bertrand Haighte to take her hand in friendship at the very first interview, was news enough to make her heart beat joyously; as joyously it did beat, as she hastened on.

At the railway depot she returned the horse she had hired, purchased a ticket for New York, and then, as if impatient of quiet restfulness, paced to and fro on the long, deserted platform.

On her pretty hand shone the curious jewel, whose vivid scarlet veins reminded one of living blood, and Undine Del Rose caressed it with a sort of horrible triumph. A few moments later, and the long train came thundering on; halted a second, took this handsome dark girl, and a half-dozen other passengers, and then went speeding along again, now under dark tunnels, now out into the shimmering starlight; always winding, like a huge serpent of fire, along the soft-flowing Hudson.

It had told nine o'clock by Undine's tiny little Geneva watch, as she alighted at the city terminus, and looked, half inquiringly, half expectantly, about her.

A gentleman, dressed in the prevailing style, of engaging manners and fine appearance, came forward to meet her.

"Undine! I was afraid you would be unable to catch the train. I've been so long to see you. It seems an age since this morning."

Undine's face darkened, and she ignored the extended hand.

"It seems to me you are ever the one I am compelled to be welcomed by. Where is the carriage?"

The fair blonde face flushed at the words.

"Undine, my darling, do not speak so.

Remember—"

"I remember but one thing, and that is, I detest you more thoroughly after this visit. I've paid that I ever did before."

Her eyes sparkled like beads of jet under a brilliant lamplight, as they thus exchanged salutations in a low, whispering monotone.

"Here is the carriage, Undine. Mrs. St. Havens sent it."

Perhaps Undine Del Rose did not notice it in her haughty wrath, but Clifford Temple's voice was cold and careless when he spoke; but she certainly did observe that he never offered her hand, as was his wont delightedly to do, as she stepped into the brougham.

"Your manners seem to have flown with your welcome."

Undine glanced sideways at him, never fearing but that a few pet words from her could drive away the shadows from his face, as she had done a dozen times before.

But to-night Undine Del Rose had spoken careless words that had estranged a heart that loved her. And how often do we do the very selfsame thing!

It was with a new sensation—one of curiosity to know what to make of this strange disposition on Clifford Temple's part, and of fear lest she had really destroyed the love she had thought to trifle with—that Undine Del Rose leaned back in the satin cushions of Mrs. St. Havens' elegant brougham, and watched her lover from under her veiling lashes.

"Is that so? I must confess that the rather cool reception I received may have served to damp them."

He just glanced at her, and Undine wondered if it would quite kill her to have Clifford Temple cease to love her? and yet,

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the dense darkness, striving to hide the paler he felt creeping over his face.

"She is well, Gussie, *mais*. And the rest of the Roscoes, too. I was there to-day, as usual."

He spoke naturally, wondering to himself why he did not tell them the strange events of the day. Something deterred him; and he obeyed the silent impulse.

"We are going back to New York to-morrow for a couple of days," said Lena; "perhaps you and Crystel will go? She has such exquisite taste in selecting goods. The cards are not out yet, to hinder either of you."

"I certainly have no objection."

He murmured the words very indifferently, Mrs. Haighte thought, and his sisters. But they made no remarks thereon.

"Then, please ride over to Edenville early in the morning, and bring Crystel and Hellice back."

Pretty, imperious Gussie kissed her hand to her brother, and then went, singing a gay tune, up the stairs.

Mrs. Haighte followed, bidding her son good-night, leaving Lurline alone with her brother.

"I did not want to speak before them, Bertrand; but I must tell you. Oh, brother, I have met the one at last! I loved him as soon as I saw him; am I unimpaired, Bertrand? I knew you would sympathize with me if any one would, because you are so happy in the love of little Crystel Roscoe!"

He almost groaned, but Lurline did not perceive it.

"Unimpaired, my stately sister! I can not imagine a Haighte, a woman of our family being that. No, my dear Lena, to love is never unwomanly, provided the loved one be an idol worthy of worship. Who is this Mr. Temple?"

Somehow as his lips uttered this name, there stole across his senses that same sweet fragrance again, and Lurline noted it down.

"He carries that perfume. Isn't it glorious?" *Le Del Rose*, he called it, when I remarked its sweetness.

Bertrand started.

"Del Rose! That was her name! Strange!" Lurline's low, confidential voice broke the reverie he was falling into.

"His name is most beautiful—Clifford Temple. He is so grand and elegant; far different from the other men I have been in contact with all this long, dreary summer. I can not tell you more, save that he is the only idolized son of his widowed mother; rich and aristocratic!"

Her voice mellowed down to a happy whisper; and Bertrand stooped and kissed her.

"Good-night, Lurline. Dream of him, sister dear, and if he be worthy, and love you as you love him, all will be well!"

Then, after she had left him with her sweet secret, Bertrand sat, long after Undine Del Rose had made her vow to win him; long after Crystel Roscoe had extinguished her light and had sobbed herself to an unquiet slumber in Hellice's true arms.

He was wondering what to say, what to do, when he went to Edenville on the morrow morning, as he was expected to do.

And, with Crystel's white, rounded face, and Undine's haunting eyes floating alternately before him, he sat and mused, alone with the silent midnight and his own sad thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FINAL RENUNCIATION.

The family at Edenville had just arisen from the breakfast-table; as Bertrand Haighte's card was handed to Crystel.

General Roscoe had passed from the breakfast-parlor into his private study, and did not see the look of infinite agony that rushed to Crystel's face as she turned to Hellice.

"I can not see him. You will tell him, Hellice. Tell him it is cruel to come here; tell him—"

Hellice gently stopped her sister's excited speech.

"It would be far better, poor little one, that you should see him. Perhaps he can explain—perhaps that is his errand."

A sudden radiance leaped to Crystel's face, and she caught her sister's hand excitedly.

"Hellice! do you think he has come for that? oh! my heart seems stopping at the bare suggestion! What can he have written for, thus early, unless it be to make it all right?"

Then, darting by her sister, she almost flew into the sunny parlor, where Bertrand awaited her.

"Oh, Bertrand, tell me quickly that you have come to explain this awful mystery that is keeping us apart! Tell me, I dare, I am right!"

She wound her two clinging arms around his neck, and he felt her rapid, irregular breathing on his face. For a moment he held her in a painfully fierce embrace; then he gently held her away.

"Oh, my poor darling, my suffering, loving little one, I would to God that were my errand!"

A cry, fraught with agony, fell from her lips, and she staggered away from him to the sofa.

He followed her, yet afar off.

"My lips are sealed, Crystel. How dare I prove recreant to the trust imposed on me before my birth? Oh, my darling, my darling, won't you have mercy on me, on yourself, and let me have you for my own, regardless of this past trouble?"

"But Florian," she murmured, faintly.

A fierce pang reminded him of it. True, there was Florian. In the excitement of seeing her, and the witchery that Undine Del Rose had cast about him, he had forgotten that he dared not marry her; forgotten the very cause of all his troubles.

But he remembered it now, with renewed sorrow.

"I would I had died before to-day," he exclaimed, passionately, pacing to and fro, and gazing upon Crystel's bowed head.

"No, live to avert this shadowing sorrow. Mr. Haighte, am I intruding?"

It was Hellice Roscoe's sweet, womanly voice; a voice whose very sound inspired one with courage. He grasped her hands vehemently.

"If I might set us all right, I'd live a hundred years in the loneliest dungeon at The Towers. Oh, Hellice, sister Hellice, I am afraid she will die, and all because I have dared love her."

"That is wrong, Bertrand. You love Crystel; she loves you—nay, my sister, do not raise your head so imploringly for me to cease; let me do what I believe to be my duty. Let us all do our duty, and God will see to the issue. Yes, my dear Bertrand, you have loved in innocence and happiness; and now, because sudden clouds darken

your landscape, and unseen chasms delay your progress, you must not sit down and grieve."

"And what can I do? All the efforts mortal man can put forth will not undo the past."

Bertrand smiled.

"I have thought this mysterious affair all over. Last night, in the silence and darkness, I watched the glimmer of light in the library windows at The Towers, and decided that it is wrong to allow such grief to kill you and her, without making an honest effort to remove it. I, for one, dear Bertrand, am willing to help you." May 1?"

The young man looked at her in a sort of bewilderment.

"Have you any idea of what you are to do?"

"Not now. But can not your mother, when she learns this family secret from you, be able—"

Bertrand sprang to his feet.

"Tell a *female* the contents of that letter I wrote never to reveal? that no mortal ear, save the oldest son, and the executor of the estate, ever heard since there existed a Haighte?" Hellice, that were an impossibility. That would bring down on my mother's head a most awful curse."

Hellice looked seriously at him.

"I may be wrong, but I think, were I you, for love's sake, I'd risk it."

She smiled kindly at him, then withdrew from the room.

Neither spoke for several minutes; then it was Crystel who broke the oppressive silence.

"Bertrand, I have but one favor to ask of you. Will you grant it? Promise me, on your solemn word."

She laid her white, trembling hand on his arm.

"I'll swear to any thing you ask, my darling."

"Then please don't come to Edenville any more. Oh, Bertrand, I see plainly I must give you up. I must steel my heart to my fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your hand, even if you explain this mystery; because if, by so doing, you bring a curse on your mother, what pleasure would such a dearly-bought privilege bring us? No, Bertrand, your first love, your best allegiance, is to your mother. I can suffer for you, my darling, if not with you. Now, Bertrand, you see I am strong and brave; please say good-by, just as any friend would do; and then go away. I will explain to papa; you to Mrs. Haighte, and Lurline, and Gussie."

It had gradually grown dusky, as she sat there, her heavy, passionate eyes partly vailed by their dark lashes; her small hands, as perfect as nature ever molded, crossed on her breast, in an attitude of exquisite, dreamy reverie.

Presently she arose, and lighted the gas; then rung for her maid to arrange her toilette.

Confident in her expectation of meeting Bertrand Haighte, and conscious of her beauty, as also her determination to lay siege to his heart, she selected her most becoming dress.

It was a black grenadine, full of shimmering waves of darkness; her beautiful neck and arms shone through the gossamer covering, and a heavy golden chain and cross was clasped about the round throat.

Her hair was dressed as she invariably wore it; floating like a cloud down to her slender waist, and tied with a glowing scarlet ribbon. She was magnificent as she stood before the pier glass, and adjusted the broad, scarlet silk sash; and as she heard the door bell ring, a brilliant smile hovered on her lips. She listened to his footsteps as he entered the parlor; then after several seconds of silent waiting, she went in, bewildering, glorious in her dark tropical beauty.

"Mr. Haighte! I am so surprised, so delighted!"

She went up to him, both hands extended.

He arose, his senses dazzled; his heart throbbing, and took her hands, not relinquishing them.

"And I am the happiest of all men to be welcomed by so lovely a charmer."

He led her to the sofa, and then let go his hold of her hands.

"I called this afternoon with Mr. Temple, but Mrs. Temple and the other ladies concluded to await the return of Mrs. St. Havens."

He looked down at her expressive face; suddenly she raised her eyes.

"I saw you, Mr. Haighte. I knew you would come again."

He had fully intended watching to see if she betrayed any especial knowledge of young Temple; but her answer thrilled him with so delightful a sensation that he forgot it.

"And why did you know it, Undine Del Rose?"

"No, call me Undine, please, and I will tell you."

He caressed the shapely fingers that were lying so temptingly near his own.

"Then, Undine, why did you know I would come?"

Her hand trembled, and he knew it; and he realized how infatuated he was becoming, yet he waded the temptation.

"Because I wanted to see you so. I thought surely your heart would tell you."

She smiled in his eyes, that same smile that had haunted him ever since that first time.

"It did tell me, Undine, my beautiful one. And now I am here, to see you, to hear you speak to—"

He almost said "to love you!"

"And you do not quite hate me for the part my duty compelled me to play? Oh, Mr. Haighte, I was so afraid you'd despise me."

He slipped his arm around her waist.

"And so they rode straight on to their fate—Bertrand Haighte and Lurline!"

Mrs. Temple met the party in her elegant reception-salon.

"I am delighted to meet your son, Mrs. Haighte!" she said, as Bertrand was presented.

"I am sure my boy, Clifford, will be as pleased to meet him. And now, after lunch, we will go on a shopping tour; then call on Mrs. St. Havens; then through the Boulevard home to dinner; after that to hear Nilsson. Is my programme agreeable?"

An answer was prevented by the entrance of a gentleman.

Mrs. Temple arose.

"This is my son, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Haighte."

Temple advanced to exchange greetings, and Bertrand instantly detected that same sweet, nameless fragrance that Undine had left after her. He longed to ask him, but pride forbade.

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or anybody who stood in the way of their accomplishment.

Nick greeted him in the usual formal manner customary at such times, and then questioned him regarding the death of Miona.

How long since did it occur? Of what character did her disease appear to be? How long was she sick? Did she seem to suffer much? Did she leave any parting messages for her friends?

These inquiries were all made for the purpose of deceiving the chief into the belief of their sincerity.

The reply in substance was that she had died a week before. The symptoms, as he described them, were those of a violent fever, short and occasioning great suffering. The medicine-man of the village had done all that was possible for her, and her death was sincerely mourned by the entire village, who were all attached to her. As her mind was wandering during the entire time of her sickness, she left no tangible message for any of her pale-faced friends, who might seek her.

Then Nick stated that he would like to visit her grave before carrying word to her home many miles away. Woo-wol-na volunteered at once to lead him to it, and the two started.

As is well known, it is the frequent custom of the Indians of the North-west to bury their dead above ground—that is by placing them upon a sort of scaffold, where they are carefully wrapped up and left to decay by the action of time and the elements. This is often done, but, at the same time, as many, if not more, are placed beneath the sod, more after the manner of civilized life.

Woo-wol-na conducted the visitor to a beautiful spot about a tenth of a mile distant, where there was the appearance of a newly-made grave, where he said Miona had been buried amid the lamentations of all the warriors and maidens of his tribe.

Then, with unexpected deference, the old chief withdrew and left him alone with his sorrow.

Knowing that he was carefully observing him all this time, the trapper affected a great deal more of grief than he felt, and when he had remained a proper time, he bade the grave farewell, and was escorted to the village by the chief, where he embarked in his canoe again, and started up-river. Ned was taken in a secret manner, and by lying down in the canoe was not observed by the lynx-eyed Blackfeet watching the trapper far on his way. The shrewd old man so well knew that he would thus be under surveillance, that he resolved to return all the way to his cabin and thus disarm the red scoundrels of all suspicion both of Ned's existence and of his (Nick's) own, went of faith in their story regarding Miona's death.

He chuckled with a satisfaction so hearty that, cautious as he was by nature and training, he could hardly refrain from a good loud laugh, as he paddled away, hour by hour, while the red-skins, with almost superhuman efforts, kept along like shadows on his path.

"Trot along, ye greasy vagabones!" he said, in a low tone; "we'll give yer a twist that'll make yer devil's faces look worsen than that hole ye dropped my boy in."

Silently, steadily he paddled, keeping Ned close and quiet in the canoe bottom, until they neared the cabin, when the old man permitted the younger to take the blade, which he did in silence, while faithful Calamity, like a grim sentinel, stood in the canoe's bow as if to relieve his old master from all further responsibility.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BACK TRAIL.

"Now," said Nick, as they sat down in the cabin, "we can turn about and go back again. We've got rid of the condemned difficulty that we had."

"And all this time, what is poor Miona suffering?" replied Ned, resting his hand upon his elbow, and looking the very picture of misery.

"She ain't suffering half as much as you," replied Nick, who, like a thoughtful host, was preparing a meal for two very hungry men. "She don't know she's dead, or that we think she's gone under."

"But, how she must long for our coming! What weary years of waiting she has spent, and now she does not know whether they are to end or not. When do we start down-stream again?"

"It will be dark in an hour; we can make a good supper by that time, and I'll take a week's food with us, so we needn't stop to shoot game, when some of the varmints are near."

Nick was walking toward his fire, when he suddenly paused and looked back at his young friend, with a peculiar expression.

"Ned, what do you s'pose I b'lieve?"

"I am sure I can not tell," he replied, looking up in no little surprise at the abruptness of the question.

"I think I know where to look for the gal."

"Where?" was the eager inquiry. "Certainly not Grizzly Bear Cave?"

"No; up that creek that I p'nted out to you as we passed. Mind, I don't say she's there," added Nick; "I only s'pects it."

"You wouldn't suspect it without good cause," said Ned, "so I will take that grain of consolation."

"It's many a year ago and more that I helped Woo-wol-na out of his scrape with the Shoshone. I got several pretty good digs myself in that skirmish, so that I was carried back and laid up in one of the lodges for the rest of the winter; and I happened to think just now that that village then stood on the bank of the creek, about ten miles up it. The tribe staid there for several years, and then moved down to where they now are. When they done it, they left that old lodges standing, and put up new lodges along the river. Now, the Blackfoot allers puts up his house with the idea that it's going to last while, and I've a mind that some of them old lodges are still standing, and would make the best kind of shelter for a chap that got lost in the woods."

"Have you seen any of them within a few years?"

"By mighty!" exclaimed Nick, in considerate excitement, "I slept in one of them lodges the very summer you left me, so they're likely to be some of 'em there still."

"And you think Miona has been removed to that place?"

"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I s'pose to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."

"Don't say that," said Ned, pleadingly;

"it will be hard enough to give up when we are compelled to. Until then, don't let me know that you can ever reach a point where you feel unable to do any thing."

"We're going to have a little moon tonight," though I'd just as lief get along without it as with it."

Nick spent the greater part of an hour in cooking meat for the expedition. He had learned in the great school of necessity, and he worked with that skill and dexterity that soon gave him all the food he needed.

Ned and he occupied but a few minutes in eating their evening meal, and then, accompanied by Calamity, they set out again for the river, where they had left their canoe lying. Their food was placed within, the dog took his accustomed place, and just as the shades of night were closing upon forest and river, the paddle was dipped into the water, and they began what was to prove a most eventful journey.

All night long the iron arms of the trap-keeper kept at work with the regularity of a steam engine, and seemingly without tiring any more than so much machinery. Mackintosh slept the greater part of the night, and when daylight came, they landed and made a few hours' halt. Then, under the direction of Nick Whiffles, Ned took the paddle, and they began stealing their way along shore down-stream; for, above all things, it was now important that they should not be seen by any of their enemies.

The greater part of the day was spent in stealing along in this cautious manner, constantly on the look-out for their enemies. Near the middle of the afternoon, they had a narrow escape from running directly in sight of a large canoe full of Indians, but, fortunately, they "backed water" and ran in under cover of the bank in time to escape discovery.

Just at nightfall the mouth of the creek was reached, and they landed. The boat was pulled up out of sight, and Calamity was left to guard the entrance, and the two withdrew out of sight altogether of any who might pass during daylight even.

Young Mackintosh could scarcely conceal his anxiety and impatience. If Nick had settled in his mind where they were to look for Miona, he saw no reason why she should not press on at once and take time on the forelock.

"We expect to make our search there, Nick, and why wait until our foes are ahead of us?"

"Trust to me, trust to me" was the reply. "It may be that the Red Bear will come down the creek to-night, and, if that is so, we'll run afoul of him, as sure as the world."

"Why not go overland?" It's only a matter of ten miles or so, and we can make it in a couple of hours."

"And leave a trail, that'll be sartin to betray us."

"Well, as you please then," replied Ned, settling himself back, in the expectation of spending a number of weary hours.

"You ought to have l'arned the virtue of patience; when you was Ned Hazel, tramping in the woods with me. Don't you know the Esquimaux of the upper Hudson Bay will set for a dozen hours by the air-hole in the ice waiting for the seal to come up and git speared?"

"I hope you don't expect we are going to do the same?"

"Not unless it is necessary, but we must wait; the Whiffles family always had the faculty of waiting. Fact of it was, some of 'em waited too long, and, fuh all I know, some of 'em are still waiting—Hullo!"

At this juncture, Calamity gave utterance to a low, almost inaudible growl, and springing to their feet, both the men were at odds in an instant.

The faint moon, of which Nick had spoken, had risen, and was already overhead, so that they could both see to the opposite side of the narrow creek.

"Sh!" whispered the trapper, "some one is comin', sartin."

The ripple of oars was plainly discernible, and while they were straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, they saw a small canoe, with two Indians in it, making its way upstream.

It was near the center of the creek, and moving in a manner which showed the occupants had no fear or thought of discovery upon the part of corsairs or interlopers.

Nick was especially anxious to learn whether one of the men was Red Bear or not, but there was not sufficient light for the purpose, although he was satisfied in his own mind that the young chief was in the boat.

The two men scarcely breathed until the canoe had passed up out of sight. Then the trapper noiselessly launched his own canoe, and entering, Calamity was placed in the stern.

"Ned, what do you s'pose I b'lieve?"

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"And you think Miona has been removed to that place?"

"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I s'pose to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."

The sober thought of Mackintosh was that she

had been removed to some safe retreat in the ocean beyond. There was little likelihood of the boat ahead checking its speed, or being overtaken by its pursuer; but nevertheless there was a possibility, and Nick Whiffles was not the one to let his haste run him into any "condemned diffikilt" of that nature.

Calamity showed a realizing sense of the responsibility that rested upon his canine shoulders. Sitting on his haunches, with his forepaws resting upon the gunwale of the prow, he peered into the darkness, every sense on the alert for the dusky foes in advance.

The sound of a rustling leaf did not escape, nor did it deceive him. He had hunted and roamed too many years with his master to need any instruction at this late day. Nick knew exactly what the capabilities of the brute were, and precisely how far he was to be depended upon; so, while he kept the canoe cautiously gliding up one bank, he found time to hold whispered converse with his companion, scarcely looking ahead, but leaving that duty to his faithful friend.

Nick after mile glided behind them, and they were drawing near the spot where they believed the beautiful, the loving, the trusting Miona was longingly awaiting their coming.

"Now I s'pose you feel easier," remarked the latter, as they stealthily retreated to the cover of the woods again.

"Yes, and I am thankful to you for the kindness you showed me. I had a good view of her face. And now what do you propose to do?"

"We must wait here, and find out what they're driving at. We might get the gal, but it won't hurt to wait awhile, and it's better to be sartin afore you move in such a matter."

"Miona had probably taken lessons from the note sent her by her lover, and her heart was so full of "new-fledged hope" that she could well assume a graciousness of manner toward the Blackfoot, even though she knew he was soon to have so rude an awakening.

He had a large pipe of yellow clay in his mouth, and undoubtedly was doing his "level best" to persuade the beautiful young pale-face to become his queen, and to forget her ties of blood and kindred, in the happiness of a consort of so brave a warrior as himself.

Miona listened, and was more disposed to be lenient than she had ever yet shown herself in his presence, and the red scamp was in high feather over his good fortune.

But Miona unconsciously incurred a danger in encouraging Red Bear too much. If her manner was such as to make him believe that she would be proud to become his wife, he saw no reason why she should delay so long in taking that position. He wished her to join him and his warriors in his canoe, and with him go to the village down the river, there to go through the impressing ceremony of marrying the most celebrated young warrior of the Blackfoot tribe.

Miona was not prepared to consent to this, and she asked for a delay of twenty-four hours at least; but Red Bear had already submitted to her whims, until his patience was well-nigh exhausted.

He used all the persuasive eloquence of an Indian lover to induce her to change her mind; he said that Woo-wol-na was expecting their coming at the town that very night; that he expected the ceremony would be celebrated without fail, and there was danger in thwarting the wishes of such a great man. His boat was ready, and if Red Bear had only known the Ossian Serenade, there is little doubt but that he would have sung,

"Oh, come with me, in my light canoe."

"Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue."

"Oh, come with me for I long to go."

"To the isles where the mango apples grow."

As may be supposed, young Mackintosh was glad enough to do so, and as well as he could in the darkness, he panted the following:

"DEAR MIONA:

"Nick and I are near you, watching for a chance to get you out of the hands of your enemies. By the assistance of you and him I was saved from death in the cavern. He has been to see Woo-wol-na, who told him that you were dead. As you already know, the old chief is determined that you shall be the wife of Red Bear, and has attempted to deceive us; Nick has tried to get you out of the hands of your enemies. By the assistance of you and him I was saved from death in the cavern. He has been to see Woo-wol-na, who told him that you were dead. As you already know, the old chief is determined that you shall be the wife of Red Bear, and has attempted to deceive us; Nick has tried to get you out of the hands of your enemies. By the assistance of you and him I was saved from death in the cavern. He has been to see Woo-wol-na, who told him that you were dead. 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REVERIE.

BY ESPERANCE.

INTO my world there floateth, From distant silver skies, A whispering sound of music, With the subtle soul of pleasure, The its measure, Rich and low, Charms me so I half forgot the weary coming years. As it steals through the dreared chamber, It casts its half-skin To the mellow sheen of sunshine, Or dark eyes through gauzes thin, Laughter soft and jewels gleaming; Tresses streaming All things sweet, Seen to meet Around my couch and still the outer dim. These soft, sweet vibrations, Sternly grand, or gayly sweet, Echo now the hymns of thousands; Now swift bells on glancing feet Tell of perfumes, tell of snowflakes; Now the wave breaks On the shore, forever, In flecks of foam, the moon-kissed sands to greet.

As I breathless lie and listen, Oft doth it weirdly chance That my soul thrills of a sudden 'Neath some passing son's warm glance, And I live in that's painless, Ease and painless: Where no throb, Or the sob Of labored breath, can ever break my trance.

Strange Stories.

RAVEN OF RAVENHILL.

A LEGEND OF WALES.

BY AGILE PENNE.

ANGRY storm-clouds were scudding across the leaden-colored sky. The white top of Snowdon's Peak—the giant of the hills—was breaking the black clouds, as the furious wind drove the dark masses against it. It was in the time of James, the First, the Scottish king, whom the death of the second Charles had called to the English throne.

A small hunting-party, noble gentlemen and ladies fair, had halted by the mountain's side and were casting many an anxious glance up at the stormy sky.

"By my faith, we must find shelter or we shall get a ducking!" cried a stalwart cavalier, known as Roland Cardower. He was a landed gentleman of great wealth. By his side, rode his sister, Maud; a fair type of the blooming English beauty, with her golden curls and full, blue eyes.

"Ay, but where shall we find shelter?" cried a younger cavalier than Roland, by name, Edward Graham.

"Yonder!" exclaimed Cardower, pointing to a dark pile of ruins, far to the north. "What! seek shelter in Ravenhill?" cried Graham, in astonishment.

"And why not? The night will soon be here. We are far from home, and the storm threatens. In the ruins of Ravenhill, we can find shelter for the night."

As her brother's words fell upon Maud's ears she could not repress a slight start.

Maud's emotion was noticed by the dark-eyed beauty, Lucy Graham, who rode by her side, and noticed by her alone.

"Come, then, for Ravenhill!" cried Graham, and the party rode on.

As they proceeded, Lucy Graham seized a favorable moment to exchange a few words in secret with Maud.

"Why did my sweet Maud start at the mention of Ravenhill?" she asked. "Is it possible that Maud Cardower still loves the heir to ruined Ravenhill's glories?"

"Yes," replied Maud, with a hurried glance around to note if any one was nigh to overhear her words. "Lucy, I will confide all to you. You know that Gerald Raven, the last of the proud Ravens of Ravenhill, who once held yonder ruined castle, was my lover. But he was poor, and my haughty brother would not listen to his suit. He left England and sought for fortune in foreign lands. Now he has returned. I have seen him. We arranged to meet to-night in yonder ruins and then—"

"You are to fly with him?"

"Yes."

"But will not our visit to the castle interfere with your plans?"

"I think that I can steal away. We were to meet just after nightfall in the moat by the western gate. He will guess that our party has sought shelter from the storm in the ruins, and be careful!"

The hunting-party entered the ruins just as the shades of night were veiling in the earth.

Fires were lighted in the great hall of the ruined castle, and the visitors prepared for the night.

The threatened storm had passed away, but inky darkness covered all objects with its mantle of gloom.

The cavaliers and ladies gathered around the fires; the luncheon that the servants carried was discussed, and merry tale and jest passed quickly around.

"Is there not some story connected with this ruin?" asked one of the ladies.

"Yes, but 'tis a horrible tale," replied Graham.

"Let us have it, by all means!" cried a cavalier, gayly.

"Attention then for the story of the Ravens of Ravenhill. Just before the revolution that cost good King Charles his crown and head, there were two brothers, Richard and Alan, the last of the race of Raven. Richard, the elder, held this castle. Alan, the younger, was a wild and desperate blade. The brothers did not agree, for they were as unlike as day and night. When the revolution commenced, and the Roundheads under Cromwell and Fairfax were pressing the royal troops hard, Richard Raven held stoutly for his king. Alan, on the contrary, espoused the cause of the Parliament, and one night, with a band of ruffians, surprised this castle. With his own hand, in yonder room, he killed his brother, and threw the bleeding corpse from the window into the court-yard."

All the listeners involuntarily turned their eyes in the direction that Graham indicated. They saw a massive iron doorway; beyond that, inky darkness, and then they turned again to Graham.

Mad's eyes alone lingered on the doorway, and to her astonishment, she saw the white face of her lover, Gerald Raven, framed by the darkness. Slowly he beckoned for her to come. Seated as Maud was, apart from the rest, she easily gained the doorway and disappeared in the gloom without her action being noticed by any of the party grouped around the fire.

"Alan Raven having won the castle, kept

it," said Graham, continuing the story. "Many a deed of horror did he and his ruthless followers commit, and the name of Raven of Ravenhill made all tremble. It was said, too, that this same Alan was in league with the Powers of Darkness; that he was deep in the mysteries of the Black Art, the occult science that he had studied in Italy. A strange old Italian servant, who followed at his heels like a dog, was said to be the agent, by means of which Alan Raven communed with the spirits of his brother.

"But, the powers of evil could not save him from earthly vengeance. By a sudden attack, the royal forces surprised Ravenhill castle; the garrison was put to the sword and Alan Raven was flung headlong from the same window whence, but a year before, his fratricidal hand had flung his brother. One alone escaped the slaughter, the Italian servant. By means of a secret portal he fled. In the morning, when the visitors looked for the body of Alan Raven, it had disappeared. The soldiers cried that the Evil One had claimed his own. This happened some fifty years ago, and since that time the spirit of Alan Raven, men say, has been seen in the full light of the new moon pacing along the towers of these ruins."

"But, who is this young Gerald Raven?" asked one of the cavaliers.

"A descendant of Richard Raven, a grandson. His father, then a boy, was in France at the time of Richard's death, and so escaped his father's fate. The family were ruined by the revolution and have never attempted to build up these ruins."

A piercing scream rang out on the still air. Started, with white faces, all of the little party sprang to their feet.

Then forth from the darkness of the arched portal, staggered Maud Cardower and fell with a stifled groan by the side of the fire.

Barely her brother sprung to her side. She was dead!

No wound, save in her white throat where there were some strange red marks like the print of teeth.

Horror-stricken, the little group of cavaliers and ladies gazed upon the pallid face of the fair girl who but a moment before had been in their midst in the ripe fullness of health.

"Who can have done this?" cried the brother, with trembling lips.

Then from the gloom of the doorway came a figure as if in answer to the question.

Without thought, save that he looked

Roland departed with his burthen to perform his vow.

Hardly had he left the ruined hall, when young Gerald Raven entered it. He came from the chamber where his promised wife had met her death.

Raven had been detained by the lameness of his horse, who had cast a shoe on the rough mountain road. Not finding Maud at the appointed place of meeting, he had come boldly in, determined to claim her for his brother.

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At the turn the two met Roland Cardower, pale, and the great sweat-drops rolling from his brows.

He started when he beheld young Raven.

"I know all!" cried Gerald; "for the sake of thy dead sister, let there be peace between us."

Frankly Roland took the proffered hand.

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He started when he beheld young Raven.

"I know all!" cried Gerald; "for the sake of thy dead sister, let there be peace between us."

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nexts. But she did not live long. Her trials had been too great, and she sank beneath the effects of them.

Storm-Staid.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"If you would only get married, Ray!"

Mrs. Emerson, Raynor Day's pretty, matronly sister, laid her plump hand beseechingly on that gentleman's arm.

"Nonsense, Girty! I couldn't wind your worsteds and feed your poodle if I turned Benedict, and that's about all I'm good for!"

He turned his mischievous face toward the lady, who gave an indignant little cry.

"Raynor Day! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for telling such a story, when you know you are just the dearest, kindest brother a woman could have. Only good enough to—the idea!"

"Well," went on handsome Ray, as he leaned back in Mr. Emerson's easy-chair, "supposing that is *your* opinion, it does not follow that everybody agrees therewith."

"But they do; and, what's more, you know you are a favorite—you conceded boy!"

"With you and the poodle? Very probably, yes. But, seriously, Gertrude, do you wish me to get married?"

Mrs. Emerson's blue eyes lighted up at the unusual earnestness her brother paid to the oft-discussed question between them.

"Do I wish it? Raynor, I'd give half I'm worth to see you married to some pretty, good girl, and settled down in your own house. You could furnish such a love of a home for your wife, Ray."

A funny little smile appeared upon Mr. Day's lips, as he peered steadily at his sister's eager face.

"Who is this lady you are evidently thinking of as the future Mrs. Day? I see by your manner you've got it all cut and dried for me, even to the color of the curtains in the drawing-room."

Then Mrs. Emerson laughed.

"I acknowledge I am discovered! Honestly, Raynor, I do want you to marry this lady I've selected for you. One of the best, prettiest, most lady-like of girls, intelligent, and, withal, so roguish and merry—"

Ray drew a long breath.

"Oh, spare me, Girty! how ever could I exist where such a specimen of perfection took up her abode?"

But Mrs. Emerson, only lifting up her forefinger and saucily shaking it at her incomparable brother, went bravely on.

"I continue, and aver that, besides all these attractions, she possesses one that outshines them all; she is talented, and writes for one of our leading New York papers such *exquisite* poems."

Raynor raised his eyebrows in sarcastic incredulity.

"Indeed! and might I venture to inquire the name of this earthly goddess? I confess I am in danger of being converted to your theory that a man can fall in love, after all!"

"You will admire her name as much as herself. It is Floretta."

"Floretta what?"

Then Mrs. Emerson hesitated a second, and laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"I thought you'd recognize her by the description. I mean Miss Pelham."

A hot blush suffused Raynor's face for a moment; then he shook off his sister's gently detaining hand.

"So Miss Pelham's name is Floretta, is it? and she's a poetess? Very well, Girty; but you might have spared yourself all this trouble. I shall not marry Miss Floretta Pelham!"

Mrs. Emerson was amazed at the unusual and uncalled-for force in her brother's remark, and her blue eyes opened wider, as she looked at his half-angry face.

"Why, Raynor, you always professed a great friendship for her, even if you never saw her; and just think of the messages you've sent in my letters. I know she thinks a great deal of you."

"That's a pity! Girty, don't ever mention her name to me again."

And the gentleman donned hat and overcoat, and went out of Mrs. Emerson's parlor.

"It's very strange," that little matron thought to herself, as she watched his receding figure, "it's very strange, indeed! But there's a mistake somewhere, I am certain; Floretta likes him, and he likes her, and they've got to be married! and I shall make it an especial act of Christian duty to bring it about!"

And she drew down the white linen shade with an air of determination that Mr. John Emerson would have declared was useless to resist.

"There's no earthly use of our trying to get any further, Aunt Retta; the carriage-wheels are so blocked now that Pete will be obliged to shovel the snow from them: Hadn't we better stop at this tavern?"

Floretta Pelham's pretty, rosy face was smiling from her white swan's-down hood, as she looked from the snow-clogged wheels to the sora, cross face opposite her, encased in a quilted black satin bonnet.

"It always snows when one least expects it; and the more inconvenience I'm put to, the less you seem to care."

Floretta was not in the least disconcerted by these caustic words; she was too used to them to care.

"Mrs. Emerson sent particular word for me to be there, and now we can spend our afternoon at this wretched country tavern, I suppose."

"Perhaps they've a sleigh, auntie? We can easily get on to Girty's, then."

Floretta sprung lightly out into the soft snow-drifts.

"I'll see, at any rate! No, Pete, you stay with Miss Pelham; I can get along easily enough."

She laughingly waded through the blinding whirls of snow that settled over her in beatuous purity.

There was no sleigh to hire, she reported, when she came back, but Mr. Day had gone past a couple of hours before in his sleigh, and was going to stop at the tavern on his return. He would take them.

A smile lit up Miss Retta's sallow face.

"Raynor Day! why, Floretta, that is the gentleman who sent me the little note begging my picture and a permission to correspond!"

A little blush tinged Floretta's pretty cheeks, but she answered, gayly:

"And a fine opportunity you will have of cultivating his acquaintance. I have heard he was very handsome."

"And who told you, I'd like to know?"

Miss Retta turned with jealous eyes to Floretta.

"Why, Girty, in her letters to me, of course!"

"Well, you needn't go to falling in love with him and try to entice me out. It's a blessed satisfaction to know he's got my picture; to be sure he didn't answer my letter, though, when I come to think of it, I don't wonder, for I am afraid I wrote it on the back of one of your sheets of manuscript; those verses you composed on 'A Conceited Man.' He may regard them as personal. I can apologize, though, and explain."

A burning blush suffused Floretta's features.

"Oh, Aunt Retta! how could you be so thoughtless—so careless? I hope, indeed, he will not be offended!"

"What difference does it make to you, I would like to know? When he's your uncle you can tell him?"

The two had reached the inn, and a warm, cheery room was assigned them until Mr. Day should return with his sleigh.

They had only warmed themselves comfortably, when Raynor, in his elegant double-sleigh and prancing horses, came dashing to the door.

"Then why do you question me? Can't you see that I am out of temper?" said Frances, pettishly.

"That engagement is ended, or will be, the next time we meet," said Frances.

"But why?"

It was now Frances' turn to be confused.

"I am not aware that I am obliged to answer your questions," said the girl, in anger.

"Oh, Frances, don't speak that way to me!" exclaimed Agatha, affected almost to tears.

"Then why do you question me? Can't

you see that I am out of temper?" said Frances, pettishly.

"I did not know that you and Angus—I mean Mr. Montgomery"—and Agatha quickly corrected her speech—"had quarreled."

"There has been no quarrel between us, Agatha, I do not choose to give you, or any one else, my reasons for the step I am about to take. It is enough that my reasons are good," Frances said, firmly.

"This will be a sad blow to Mr. Montgomery, for I am sure that he loves you, dearly," Agatha said, slowly.

"Yes, and like all the rest of the 'lords of creation,' he loves three or four others at the same time."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Agatha, quickly.

"Oh, Frances, I am sure that he loves you, and you only."

"You are a child!" said Frances, contemptuously.

"Yes, I am so much younger than you," and on Agatha's face a slight smile appeared as she spoke.

"In worldly experience you are," retorted Frances, quickly.

"But I don't know why why you should talk with you about Mr. Montgomery."

"All is at an end between us. And now, you can bewitch him with your little innocent ways as soon as you like."

The contemptuous words of Frances stung Agatha to the quick.

"Why should you think that I care for Mr. Montgomery?" she asked. "Do you think so meanly of me as for a single instant to imagine that I have tried to attract the attention of a man, whom I knew to be your promised husband?"

For a moment Frances looked into Agatha's face without replying.

There was a wonderful difference between the two sisters. Frances, with her blue eyes and golden hair, was as unlike Agatha, with her ebony locks and dark eyes, as day is to night.

"No, Agatha, I do not say that," Frances said, slowly.

"I am ill-tempered—perhaps angry, but I will not be unjust."

"Agatha, that you love Angus, I know, but I despised that Miss Pelham, to whom he had written, in his romantic, impulsive manner, after hearing Girty read a letter from her one day!"

Then that picture had come; and a letter, so different from Girty's, had reached him, written on the blank side of a poem that was so keenly cutting.

No wonder he had blushed and been vexed when Girty proposed to him to marry that lean ogress, even if she were a poetess, and so intelligent and roguish. As to being pretty—why, Girty must be demented surely!

But then, this charming little blue-eyed girl, why, he was tempted to deliberately turn around and kiss those red lips, and ask her to marry him! He would, too, if there was the first glimpse of encouragement in her actions!

Raynor was a happy man when he escorted the ladies into Mrs. Emerson's warm parlor, where she sat sewing.

With a smile of welcome, she kissed the younger girl in a way that made Ray horridly envious.

"Floretta Pelham! you darling! When in the world did you come across Raynor?"

Miss Pelham, I am so glad to see you!"

She shot her brother a glance of amazement.

Ray bowed reverentially to Floretta, "the nice."

"I am so delighted to learn your name, Floretta. I presume Miss Pelham, Sr., received the letter I sent for you?"

Miss Pelham's eyes snapped venefully.

"Yes, I presume I did! What difference does it make?"

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me some fine morning by decamping without notice, like the fleet-footed Catlin."

"But, then, there's the chance of being robbed?" suggested O'Connel.

"Very little danger of that," Montgomery replied. "I keep the safe in my bed-chamber, and, as I'm a light sleeper, I think that it would be a difficult job for any one to get at it without waking me up."

"Do you know, Angus, I'd like to see it?" Tulip said. "I think that it is a capital idea, and I have half-a-mind to buy one myself."

"Certainly, it's only in the next room," Angus said.

Then the three young men entered the bed-chamber.

The safe stood in one corner of the room.

Montgomery knelt and opened it.

"You see, it can not be opened without knowing the combination," Montgomery said.

"Yes, I see," O'Connel replied, and he knelt by Montgomery's side and examined the lock of the little safe with great attention.

"It is clearly impossible for any one to pick such a lock as that, I should say," Tulip remarked, bending over the other two.

"Oh, clearly impossible!" O'Connel exclaimed.

Then Tulip sauntered over to the other side of the room and took up a double-barreled shot-gun that stood in a corner.

"What did this gun cost, Angus?" he asked.

"I don't exactly remember; somewhere about a hundred and fifty, I think," Angus replied.

"It's a breech-loader, isn't it? Come and show me how it works," Tulip said, examining the gun with great attention.

Angus rose to his feet, crossed the room, and commenced to explain the peculiarities of the gun to Tulip. His back was turned to the safe, where O'Connel was still on his knees before it.

Hardly had Angus left his side, when O'Connel deftly drew the key from the lock of the safe, and, with a small piece of wax, which he drew from his vest-pocket—apparently provided for just such a chance as this—he took an impression of the key. Then he put the wax away, returned the key to its place, and closing the safe-door, locked it.

"Have you changed the combination?" Angus asked.

"No," O'Connel replied, rising and handing him the key.

"You see how it works?" Montgomery said to Tulip, referring to the gun.

"Oh, yes, perfectly," Tulip replied.

"By the way, Tulip, are you going anywhere this evening?" asked Montgomery, suddenly, putting down the gun.

"Yes, O'Connel and I were going to call upon the countess," Tulip rejoined.

"We will have time for a stroll down Broadway first," O'Connel said.

Then the three left the house.

As they passed into the street, Tulip contrived to exchange a word with O'Connel, unnoticed by Montgomery.

"Did you succeed?" Tulip asked.

"Yes," O'Connel replied.

"You had time enough?"

"Plenty."

"When will you make the attempt?"

"As soon as possible."

Then Montgomery joined them, and the three proceeded toward Broadway.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOG-MAN CALLS UPON THE COUNTESS.

LEONE, now known to the world as Leone Epernay, the daughter of a French count, but whom the reader knows better as Leone Basque, the music-teacher, sat in her luxuriantly furnished parlor and looked out on busy Broadway.

Idly she watched the ever-moving throng. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"It is a terrible game that Lionel is playing," she murmured, thoughtfully. "What can be his motive—money? yes; but some thing more than money. What can it be? Oh, I am tired of being his slave!" A wail of pain, heartfelt, was in her voice as she spoke. "When will the time come that brings me release from my bondage? Not, I fear, until I am in grave-clothes. Oh! what a fate is mine. What am I? A lure to entice to ruin the man that I love with all my heart and soul. The beauty that nature has given me is now a curse. Why did not this man hate me? Yet, I can not find it in my heart to try and make him do so. No, in his presence, I am happy, I exert all my womanly gifts to make him like me. I play well the part that Lionel has forced me to act. I am ashamed of myself when I think of it." And, sorrowfully, Leone buried her face in her hands.

A low knock upon the door aroused her from her reverie.

Leone, with a sigh, raised her head.

"Come in!" she said, thinking that it was one of the servants of the hotel.

In obedience to the order, the door opened and a stranger entered.

He was a man a little below the medium size, dressed plainly, but not poorly. His face was a peculiar one, thin and with an impression of shrewdness visibly stamped upon it.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, with a low bow, removing his hat; "I 'opes I ain't intruding, but would you like to buy a dog?"

Then the man—who was Chris Pipgan in person—drew from a pocket of his coat one of the prettiest little dogs that Leone had ever seen. It was hardly bigger than a rat, a terrier of the kind called black and tan.

Leone was passionately fond of all living things, and, as the little puppy danced, brisk as a bee, about the room, she could not help admiring it.

"I am afraid that it would be too much trouble to keep him here in the hotel," she said.

"Not a bit of trouble, ma'am, and he's the best tempered little animal that ever was." And as Pipgan spoke he was watching Leone, narrowly, with a covert glance.

"No, I fear I could not take care of him," Leone said.

"Why, he'll take care of himself, ma'am."

"What's his name?"

"Mally, ma'am."

"Mally? Why, what a strange name?" Leone said, in wonder.

"Yes, it is odd, isn't it, ma'am?" said the dog-fancier, thoughtfully, as if the oddness of the dog's name had just occurred to him.

"You see, ma'am, Mally is short for Malper—Oh, Christmas! I've done it, now!" he cried, in excitement, for, at the mention of the name, Leone, with a low moan, had fainted.

"What a cussed fool I was to blurt it out!" he cried, in despair, as he bent over the senseless girl. "I might have known that she ain't made of iron, but just the most delicate piece of handwork that old Mother Nature ever turned out; and now I've killed her. You fool, you!" and Pipgan began to tear his hair in despair, while the puppy, astonished at the noise, sat on its haunches and surveyed the scene with wonder.

A low sigh came from the girl. A glass of water was standing on the table. Pipgan ran to it, and then returning to Leone's side, sprinkled the water over her forehead.

Slowly, Leone's sense came back to her. She opened her eyes, wearily. As her look fell upon the face of the dog-fancier, she shuddered.

"I'm very sorry you're sick, ma'am," he said, humbly.

"I—I suppose that it was the heat of the room," Leone said, in confusion; her eyes searching the face of the stranger as though she expected to read something written therein. But she saw nothing in his features to excite her fears.

"You're better now, ma'am?" he said.

"Yes, much better," she replied.

"I'm very glad," and Pipgan showed it in his face. "Do you think that you'd like the little dog, ma'am?"

"I do not think that I could take care of him." Then Leone looked wistfully into his face as if she wanted to say something more. But the dog-fancier pretended not to notice the look.

"It is a very pretty little dog," Leone said, absently.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Pipgan.

"What—what did you say the dog's name was?" Leone asked, her voice trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm and unconcerned.

"It is a very odd name," Leone said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't know who gave the puppy the name. The man that I bought him from yesterday said that was his name, and that was how I knew it," the dog-man explained.

"It is a very strange name," the girl said, absently.

To the keen eyes of Pipgan it was plain that the young girl's thoughts were neither of the dog nor of his name, but far away.

"Then, you think that you don't want to buy a dog?" Pipgan said, taking up the puppy and putting it away, snugly, in one of his large pockets.

"No, thank you," replied Leone.

"I axes you pardon, miss, for disturbing you," said Pipgan, awkwardly backing out.

Then the door closed behind him.

Once secure from observation, Pipgan's manner changed entirely.

Thoughtfully he stood, biting his fingers.

"Shall I?" he murmured. "Why not? That's the question; why not? Anybody else would, why not I? Some chaps would coin many a bank-note out of this gold mine. How the name fetched her! Blessed if I didn't feel sorry for her, poor, young kitten! I wasn't sure about it; but, now, I'd take my 'davy' afore any 'beak' in 'Lumun' town. What's to be done? that's the question. It will cost me a matter of fifty pounds to use the cable and telegraph, maybe; and fifty pounds in gold is a good many dollars in greenbacks. But, as I said afore, why shouldn't I? I'll think over it."

Then Mr. Chris Pipgan took his way quietly out of the hotel.

After the departure of the dog-fancier Leone remained motionless, like one in a maze.

For full ten minutes she sat, fixed as a statue; then she suddenly rose and began, restlessly, to pace up and down the room.

"What can this mean?" she exclaimed. "Is this only a strange coincidence, or is it a warning of danger? Shall I tell Lionel? Ha! He will only laugh at me. Oh, what a foolish child I am to fear! I see a specter in every shadow, like a school-girl in the dark. I should have stronger nerves, for I will need them. I have a difficult scheme to carry out, and yet the thought of failure has never entered my mind."

Then Leone seated herself again by the window.

With the evening came the three young men, Angus Montgomery, Tulip Roche and Lionel O'Connel.

As Montgomery clasped the taper fingers extended to him welcome, felt the soft pressure of the slender white hand, and saw the eyes of the young girl beam with delight, he felt a subtle influence stealing over him; it lulled every sense to sweet forgetfulness, and yet to forget—to sleep—was to die.

But, Angus Montgomery did not resist the sweet, magnetic influence.

In the glad smile of Leone he forgot Frances Chauncey and her heart of ice.

The evening passed rapidly away.

At ten the three took their departure.

"What do you think of her?" asked O'Connel, carelessly, as they proceeded through Twenty-ninth street.

"The most beautiful woman that I have ever laid eyes on!" exclaimed Montgomery, in rapture.

"What, Angus, as bad as that?" said O'Connel, laughing.

"Oh, a clear case of love at first sight," cried Tulip, joining in the laugh.

"You may laugh as much as you please, gentlemen, but it is the truth," Montgomery replied.

"What, that you are over head and ears in love with this divine creature?" exclaimed O'Connel.

"Pshaw! you know I didn't mean that!" replied Montgomery; "but, laugh as much as you please, I freely confess that if the heart of Miss Leone is still her own, I intend to try and win it."

"Pistols and coffee!" cried O'Connel, theatrically.

"We'll have to resign all claim!" exclaimed Tulip, in tone of extreme sadness, and with a comic look.

"Do, and both of you shall assist at the wedding!" cried Montgomery, gayly.

A peculiar expression flitted across the faces of his companions as Montgomery spoke, but in the darkness, Angus did not notice her.

They were, she knew, two, perhaps more, Indian warriors in ambush waiting the mo-

ment to strike their swift and deadly blows.

The first impulse of the poor girl was to fly, to try and reach her father's cabin in time to give the alarm, but a moment's consideration showed her how futile would be the effort.

Perhaps they were waiting for darkness, else why had they not already swooped down upon her? And then—and ah! what a thrill of deadly terror shot through her heart—Harry would be there in a moment, and he, too, would be sacrificed.

All this passed through her brain in an instant, and even as it did so, she heard a well-known footstep ascending the hill, and a brave, strong voice singing a song that she knew she loved.

How should she act? Should she fly to meet him and thus precipitate the peril, or should she wait until he was near enough to hear her whispered warning?

No time was to be lost, and the brave girl decided upon the latter alternative.

She saw, with delight, that Harry carried his rifle, resting in the hollow of the left arm, the readiest way for instant use, and so, with a muttered prayer, she calmly waited his approach.

The Indians evidently fancied themselves as yet unseen, and this she knew was all that prevented an instant attack—

"Nellie!"

"Harry!"

And they were seated, side by side, upon the rustic seat.

Now was the time if ever, and as the young hunter prepared to lean his rifle against the tree, Nellie leaned slightly forward and whispered:

"Don't start! Keep your rifle in your hands! There are Indians in the thicket on our left."

A life of constant peril amid scenes where to think was to act, had rendered Harry equal to any emergency, and he was.

Angus sat down by the window for a few minutes, looking out upon the darkness of the night, and vaguely speculated upon the future.

Then he proceeded to prepare for rest.

Angus turned the gas down low, and then went to bed.

It was some time before sleep came to him.

The face of the beautiful girl, Leone, danced before his closed eyes. Thoughts of her were in his mind and kept sleep from him.

But at last tired nature exerted its power, and Montgomery slept.

How long the young man had slept he knew not, when a sudden stealthy noise awoke him.

He opened his eyes, and beheld two dark forms, their faces concealed by black masks, standing before him.

The gas, burning dimly, shed a weird light over the chamber.

Montgomery would have cried aloud, but a gleaming dagger at his throat checked his utterance.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 40.)

Nellie's Peril.

BY "BRUIN" ADAMS.

THE evening sun was dropping behind a heavy bank of clouds that lay along the western horizon, when Nellie Wayland left her father's cabin, and with a brisk step, and heart full of gladness, took her way down a secluded path that led to the old beech-tree that grew on the cliffs hard by the river.

At the foot of this tree there was a rustic seat, where, twice a week, the young girl met Harry, a brave, stalwart and handsome young hunter, whose cabin lay across the range, some ten or more miles to the north.

A SONG.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

What shall I sing about, say?—
Something to sing of I've got,
Something that's funny and gay?
Something that's solemn or what?
Lambs, geese, poodles, or what?
Men, women, or what?
Or lie that's decided y' rich?
Or something that's mournful but true?

What shall I sing about, say?
I'll sing about nothing or less,
It doesn't much matter to me,
I'll straight go to singing by guess;—
Warm I'll be leaving in Greenland,
And cold are India's countries;
But it's not a whit better in Finland,
Where fishes slide down on the mountains.

The headache I've got in my foot,
As sure as the sun shone all night,
A grindstone's the same to a blind man;
As a little black dog that's all white,
I have found that a girl don't object
To have a kiss on her lip;

Then I've tried it plain as do suspect,
For you know I'm as much as a sheep,

A man in a Bramble bush jumped
And scratched one or both of his eyes out;
When you scratch the superfluous lies out,)—
And when he found out they were out,
Straight to the Bramble he flies back;

And Jimmies in a sitting his own back,
He also scratched both of his eyes back.

He had a remarkable dog,
I'd pat with a club on his head,
He'd tail he would prettily wag,
And then he would keel over, dead,

But I'm singing by guess, and my notes
Have the beauty of being not long,
And while I have nothing to sing of,
Why, you can take this for a song.

The General's Ward.

BY CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD.

"HARK! what mean those reports of fire-arms? Are the Americans so near our dwelling, uncle?"

The beautiful Mexican girl started back, and gazed, with a frightened look, into her guardian's face.

The old warrior smiled, and brought the rosy color back to her cheeks with a kiss, as he answered:

"Have no fears, Almedia. The American army is no nearer than Saltillo. The firing means that my brave rancheros have intercepted one or more of the blue-coated couriers, bearing dispatches from Wool to Worth, or vice versa. I regret that my wound prevents me from taking the field; but I can be of some service to beloved Mexico, at home. Knowing that General Wool will find his march to Chihuahua obstructed by the impassable Sierra Madre, and that he will seek to join Worth at Saltillo, I posted ten rancheros in the mountains to capture couriers passing between the two armies, and bring them to me to—yes, to die!"

Almedia was about to speak, when the tramp of horses smote her ears, and gazing down into the moonlit valley, from the tiered-porch, upon which she stood, she beheld a band of troopers cantering toward the dwelling.

"Ha! they come, they come!" cried the old General, espying the approaching band. "And they return victorious, for I see a bound man in their midst."

"See, with what a noble air he occupies the saddle, uncle. He seems more the conqueror than the conquered!"

"What! Almedia!" cried Vegas, a flush of anger mantling his face; "dost thou bestow praise upon the enemies of thy distrusted country?"

"Pardon me, dear uncle," said the girl, quickly, seeing that she had offended her warrior-relative. "I wish I had not spoken; but words once uttered can not be recalled."

"Enough, my pretty ward; I pardon you. But let us be silent now, for the American is very near."

The next moment the commander of the rancheros spurred his steed to the edge of the porch and saluted the General.

"I report eight rancheros and a prisoner to your excellency," said the captain.

"Eight!" cried the General; "where are the others?"

"They sleep among the mountains with American bullets in their heads. The blue-coat fought like a tiger; but we mastered him at last."

"Escort him within, Malerido. I would see the villain who slew two of my brave fellows."

The ranchero captain returned to the band which had drawn rein at no great distance, and escorted his prisoner to the porch. As the General stepped into the moonlight to obtain a good view of the features of the courier, a deadly pallor flitted across Almedia's face, and she fled into the house, her guardian might hear the name which was about to part her lips.

But she restrained herself until she reached her chamber, where she almost shrieked the name of the American prisoner:

"Butler Hardinge!"

Two years prior to the opening of our story, she and her guardian made a tour of the United States, and in the fashionable circles of the Quaker City she met Lieutenant Butler Hardinge, U. S. A. He escorted her, the beautiful Mexican heiress, to many places of interest, in Philadelphia, and secretly followed her to New York and so far north as Bangor. More than once she met the handsome lieutenant, on a leave of absence—met him clandestinely, in Boston and other cities of the New England, in Boston, and knew that he loved her.

But he never declared his passion—never breathed into her ears the story of his adoration. Before he was aware of the fact that his leave of absence had expired, he was summoned to his regiment, stationed at some frontier point.

Had the stern rules of the military permitted him to remain a day longer in the smiles of Almedia, he would have declared his love, and heard from her lips the sweet assurance that she had loved him from the hour when first they met.

But now that he was prisoner, and beneath the same roof that sheltered her!

She knew her uncle to be a relentless man, and, at the same time, a patriot. A wound received at Resaca de la Palma had caused his withdrawal from the army for a time, during which he already had captured several American couriers whom he had executed.

Up to the present time, Almedia had not plead for the life of a single prisoner. She loved her country—believed that it had received manifold wrongs at the hands of the United States, and that the Federal armies were bands of invaders, whose reception should be the scaffold and the bullet.

Fate had placed her lover in her guardian's power. He was an American, like

those who had been executed; but should he perish on the scaffold without her speaking a word for his life?

No, no, no! She would plead for the life of the man she loved, though he wore a uniform she abhorred, and if pleading did not save him, bravery and cunning might. She would risk her life for his!

Thus she thought, as the minutes flitted by, and at last, tired with thinking, she sought her downy couch, while the young lieutenant restlessly paced the stony floor of a dungeon beneath the old mansion.

At last dawn chased the tiresome night away, and Almedia rose to plead for the life of her soldier-lover.

She found her guardian seated in an armchair of antique pattern, before the hearth. He greeted her with a kindly recognition, and in a moment, she had broached the subject nearest her heart.

"What!" cried the old General, starting to his feet; "do I hear aright? Almedia, do you plead for the life of one of Mexico's hated foes? Now he shall surely die. With the rising of another sun the fatal noose drops over his head, and he dances on Mexico's pure air."

Sternly the veteran spoke, and Almedia threw herself in tears before him. Summoning love and eloquence to her aid, she entreated her guardian to spare his prisoner's life; but the stout heart remained untouched.

"Tears and entreaties will avail you nothing, girl," he said, looking down upon her with unpitying eyes. "Cease! I command it. The accused American shall die!"

"He shall not die!" Almedia muttered, as she left the room and returned to her chamber.

She was determined to attempt a rescue the coming night, and, with ill-concealed anxiety awaited the arrival of the gloomy hours.

The old General retired early, as was his wont, and when the ancient clock proclaimed the hour of ten, Almedia was the only occupant of the mansion who had not yield ed to the wooings of the drowsy god.

Butler Hardinge was not asleep. He knew that the General had set apart the coming morn for his execution. Chained to the clammy wall of the circular dungeon, he knew that it was folly to attempt to escape unaided. He heard the tread of the sentry before the iron door, and gave himself up for lost. But all was not lost; a sweet angel was hastening to his rescue.

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll ventur' to say that he hadn't an enemy, 'mong the whites,

"But you been on the border long enough to know that we old fellers get to be what they calls superstitious, an' that's the reason, I reckon, why they don't like to fetch up the name of a man who goes wanderin' about arter he has been dead these five-and-twenty year.

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll ventur' to say that he hadn't an enemy, 'mong the whites,

"He came out from the States soon arter the war between the Texans an' Greasers,

American soldier, she found no guardian to upbraid her with unfaithfulness to the Mexican cause.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Ned Brady's Leap.

A TALE OF THE PHANTOM CLIFF.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

AWAY up on the head-waters of the Rio Brazos there is a short range of rugged hills, or rather mountains—for in more than one instance the lofty peaks are entitled to that name—the largest of which is known among the hunters and trappers as Phantom Hill.

Many times, by the camp-fire, I had heard the greater part of their lives on the border—speak in mysterious tones of Phantom Hill, always in a manner that could impress one with the belief that there was something extraordinary connected with the place.

More than once I had sought information on the subject, but all evinced a decided aversion to talk about it; and after being rebuffed once or twice, I was forced to come in with the plunders they knew he'd give it up.

At length, however, chance threw in my way an old trapper who, when applied to, readily promised the story of the Phantom Hill; and so, one night, when the others had sought their blankets, the old man recited the following narrative, the truth of which he solemnly vouched for:

"Well, boy, the story ar' a sad one, an' from sartain reasons that ain't many of us what likes to talk about it," began the trapper, as we seated ourselves upon our saddles a little way out on the prairie; "but I war n't ever skerry about talkin' about or facin' a live man, an' I don't see why I should be afraid to tell about a dead one."

"But you been on the border long enough to know that we old fellers get to be what they calls superstitious, an' that's the reason, I reckon, why they don't like to fetch up the name of a man who goes wanderin' about arter he has been dead these five-and-twenty year.

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll ventur' to say that he hadn't an enemy, 'mong the whites,

"He went it. They hed watched his movements, wonder'd the wife an' little 'un, an' war hankerin' after the powder an' lead, an' things he'd traded for.

"It must 'a' been a awful thing for a man to come back to his home an' them as he loved best of em by the airt, an' find one burn to the ground, an' other warred on the edge of his cabin had been burnt!

"Ned Brady found only a lot uv smokin' logs whar his home hed been, an' as he lay in cover—for you see he war too old a hand to go an' run his own head under the imps' tomahawks—he saw the Comanch' dodgin' about 'mong the bushes, waitin' for him to come in with the plunder they known he'd be arter.

"That war it. They hed watched his movements, wonder'd the wife an' little 'un, an' war hankerin' after the powder an' lead, an' things he'd traded for.

"It must 'a' been a awful thing for a man to come back to his home an' them as he loved best of em by the airt, an' find one burn to the ground, an' other warred on the edge of his cabin had been burnt!

"He knew they warn't prisoners. The dog wouldn't a' bridged a inch as long as any one was livin'. He had seen 'em go down under the red devils' axes, an' then come to meet his master an' tell him as well as he could in his way.

"For two or three hours Ned Brady lay in the brush an' waited.

"By-an'-by the streaks along the tree-tops to the east ard showed that day war breakin', an' then he got up to try an' take what revenge he could on them as had murdered the on'y ones in the world as he cared for.

The Injuns, tired out wi' the devils' work, leavin' one warrior on guard, an' him they posted a little way down the gully, to'ard the lower end.

"Ned could 'a' shot the imp whar he set, but one life warn't goin' to pay for all they'd done.

"Leavin' the place he had watched from, he crept down the slope an' struck the gully a leetle, below whar the Comanch' was on watch.

"You know, lad, that a man has got to be mighty sly to get in reach uv a warrior on post, but Ned Brady was the man to do it, an' when he slipped one arm round the imp's throat, chokin' back the yell, an' draw his knife home with t'other one, the Injuns never known what struck him, or from whar it hed come.

"The road war now open, an' his enemies war in his power.

"He didn't expect to kill 'em all; he couldn't do that, he known; but he was goin' to make more nor one widder, an' cause a power of howlin' in a Comanch' village.

"Picking up the red-skin's rifle, he crawled up the gully, an' arter a bit he got a good stand from whar he could sight ev'ry warrior in the party.

"They were lyin' around thick, an' all asleep. Thar he stood for a long time s'archin' each one all over as he lay. He war lookin' to see at which one's girlie was the skulps of his knife.

"At last he sighted a 'em. Both of 'em were strung onto the belt of a big warrior that lay about the middle of the little open in front of whar the cabin had stood.

"He was the one as had torn the long dark hair from his wife's head, and the yaller curlers from his child's head, an' he war the one that must die first.

"Ned Brady knew the chances war all against him arter he should fire—not one in a thousand that he could get clear, but he didn't count on doin' it, though he did mean to make an effort.

"Four miles away to the north'ard he knew of a place where, if he could re'ch it, he mout throw the Comanch' off. It would be a foot-race, for he'd keep to the hills an' the big red-skins couldn't foller on horseback.

"Somethin' like that Ned Brady thought as he laid both rifles across a log, one uv 'em p'inting at the breast uv a warrior clost by the two standin' in the door a-watchin' till he struck the timmer an' war lost to sight.

"It war the last time he seed the imp an' little 'un alive.

"Ned made the trip in good time, sold out right away, loadin' up the plunder he war to back an' strack out for home.

He told some of the boys at the fort the he didn't feel right, somehow er other. He kept thinkin' that it warn't all safe at home,

an' that's what made him in sech a hurry to git back.

"He musthev rode hard, for, to'ards sun-down of the next day, he struck the hill country not more'n twenty mile from his ranch.

"An' here it war that the poor feller got the first idea of what hed been goin' on at home.

"As he rose the hill arter crossin' a little crick, he caught sight of a big black thing—a b'ar he thought first off—comin' up, but a minit later he see'd it war the dog.

"The poor brute had been chopped al-most to pieces wi' a tomahawk, an' war bleedin' yet. It could scarcely crawl, but it known Ned, an' the minit it see'd him, it set up the awfulest howlin' imaginable.

"Ned saw it all at a glimpse. That dog wouldn't never hav' left the wife an' little 'un as long as they war livin'!

"The Comanch' warred on the war-path, an' his cabin had been burnt!

"Well, lad, I needn't hang fire on this part uv the yarn.

"Ned Brady found only a lot uv smokin' logs whar his home hed been, an' as he lay in cover—for you see he war too old a hand to go an' run his own head under the imps' tomahawks—he saw the Comanch' dodgin' about 'mong the bushes, waitin' for him to come in with the plunder they known he'd be arter.

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"The Comanch' warred on the war-path, an' his cabin had been burnt!

"Well,